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**Will Germany
Attack?**

By Rosita Forbes



The Rubber Crisis

By

Kenneth R. Wilson

Cover: Channel markers being
readied for navigation, Prescott.

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THIS IS WHAT WE THINK



We cannot win without control of the air

Wings for the Army

"United Nations' soldiers were reported being in distress... taking their fight on under any plan... I know for I am in a ditch and... from Jess, March 4, 1942"

NORWAY, the Lowlands, France, Greece, Crete, Malaya—and now Java. Always it has been the same story. The enemy passed control of the air.

When we're weak, or half-equipped—air power has been the vital factor. Look at Germany's last Doodlebug position. The 1940 Battle of Britain was a victory for air power. At Toronto, in the sinking of the *Rennet*, the air arm turned the tide of victory.

Wherever we land the enemy has made a major kill, the same deadly pattern has appeared. Bombers have been the co-ordinated with business leaders on the ground.

The war lesson which that-power means of this war should have been on the mind of democracy is this:

Neither land nor sea forces can win without control of the air in this war without control of the air.

We are fighting a three-dimensional war. It's a war of the plane tank team, of the cannon air wings. It's the war of the soldier on wheels who fights under an umbrella of aircraft.

The old rule books are antique. The rules have changed. We don't win war only if we fight by the old rules. By the rule which tells us that Army, Air Force, Navy are all of one body, that each must be in tight in intimate co-ordination with the other two, that so we win war successfully as we win.

Really, for too clearly, the truth is beginning to dawn. United Nations' military policy.

In March the United States drastically re-organized its land forces, gave equality of status to army ground force, army air force and army supply service, each with its own command under the chief of staff.

In Britain, the new War Office Administration says it will throw the old old machine out the window, keep the people ground and co-ordinate on training for fighting.

But Britain and Canada must lag in co-ordination of Army and Air Force to meet the crucial demands of three-dimensional warfare.

We have an Air Force, an Army. But we have no integrated air land force of the type which powered the German blitz and the Russian counterblitz.

At this writing the Canadian Active Service Force in Britain has two air co-ordination squadrons attached to it. There are thousands of Canadian army aviators, but they are not equipped in the way England is to operate with the Canadian Corps as land-air fighting.

Our Army is still essentially a "ground" army. No three leaders squadrons are attached to our tank brigades. Our infantry has no experience in moving to battle by air. The Corps has no experience. It has no transport planes with which to move guns, tanks, fuel, men by air.

In other words, our land forces are still not organized for three-dimensional war.

Surely the losses in disaster are already sufficient enough to send us as a people to face the facts and act. The present Air Force establishment attached to the Canadian Corps should be enlarged, and then multiplied again. Multitasked air the Canadian air land force can win power, out-distance, out-fight any equivalent enemy force it may be called on to meet.

That is not to say that the Air Force should be weakened by the Army. Air squadrons composed of a unified air command for operations could still be part of the Air Force for administration.

The dated is superior for the expert. The main line is the building of a force which can fight a three-dimensional war.

Three months, six months, a year from now, there must be an Canadian air force lying in ditch during battle as important steps in air-attack reshaped in the sky.

General Wolfe Was 32

REVISION of army age limits so that young Canadian officers may take active service commands and reproduction has caused much editorial diving into past history.

Wolfe was a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three, he was thirty-two when he fell at the capture of Quebec.

Musgrave was a colonel at thirty-seven, so was Brock.

Webster was forty-two when he was at Waterloo.

Waddington was forty-four when he took command of the Canadian Army.

Spadina was a veteran in the Italian campaign, was twenty-seven, at the peak of his military career he was forty-two.

Knight vs. Hansard

OVER CBC airwaves, Eric Knight, the Yorkshire author who is the last to be sent in Canada, served with the Princess Patricia, and who had finally returned from Britain, made one of the blindest errors we have heard. He applied the war to Canada, really and with candor.

So wide and deep was the impression he made that CBC retreated the speech a few hours later in a major edit. His speech reported it. CBC reports have been so generous.

We can't help guessing that speech is there in Hansard's record of the parliamentary debates of the present session. Page after page of assembly and travel, when the four-line of our life are riding.

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BUT BRITISH!

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Yes, YOU BOYS AND GIRLS *can* help win the War!

WHAT IF YOU CAN'T fly a bomber, or drive a tank, or help make guns and ammunition? You can do your part in winning the war.

When you boys go out and cut lawns or collect paper and scrap, you are doing a man's work. That releases one more man for the armed forces or to work in a munitions plant. When you go to the store and carry parcels home you relieve a man, you also relieve a truck and make more cars and gasoline available for carrying on the war.

When you girls wash the clothes and help with the housework, your mother doesn't need to get help. That means more hands to work in munitions plants. When you hang dad's slippers, do his chores for him when he is tired, he will be able to do better work and more work next day—perhaps a bigger part in winning the war.

So, boys and girls, do all the odd jobs you can find to do. Make yourselves useful around your home and in your community. Every single job you do willingly brings victory one step nearer.

This message is issued by the Department of Munitions and Supply for Canada.

Rough-and-Tumble

By WALLACE REYBURN

Britain's paratroops have proved they can land it out as well as take it—Here's the story of how they get that way

ALONG an English country lane came an Army staff car, flying the royal standard of Norfolk. The only occupants of the car were the driver and, in the back seat, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, on his way to visit a regular headquarters during his private visit to the island.

The car stopped a head and the driver jumped on his knees. Two half-winking soldiers leaped the way, their rifles trained on the driver and his passenger as the car stopped. Their clothes and movements were similar to that of any other British soldier, except that they were padded behind instead of the back and an overall smock reaching down along to their knees. On the right alone of such was the badge of Britain's paratroops—a white parachute between two wings.

One of the paratroopers came up to the driver and said, "Get you get, we need this car."

The driver leaned forward and spoke to him, "Don't be a fool. This is Crown Prince Olaf I am driving."

"It doesn't matter who it is. You'll both have to get out. We've captured this car."

"Then get right," said the Crown Prince, getting out of the car. "They've captured this car and they must have it."

"Thanks, Your Highness," said the paratrooper, and with his companions he jumped in and they drove off to carry out their program of "takeback behind the enemy lines," while Crown Olaf and his driver watched their progress on foot.

The drive incident is an example of the "rough-and-tumble" methods adopted in the training of Britain's paratroop troops. When they are recruited it is up to the paratrooper to see every emergency and look for one kind of and so on is allowed to become with him. On the same-day can happen, when his car was captured, did try to backfire his captives by driving them in the wrong direction—that he only drove about a hundred yards when he became theoretically dead for the rest of the emergency.

Britain's paratroops—or to give them their official name, the Special Air Service—are all volunteers, drawn from all regiments of the British, Dominion and Colonial services. They trained either by volunteer, but only those who can pass the strict tests, physical and mental, are chosen. It's a

British paratrooper: His head is helmeted, his feet are booted, his hands are gloved, his hands out of the sky are better.

A Bird Out of Hand

"We'll play my way," she insisted—then learned that love, like badminton, has but one set of rules.

By THOMAS DICKEY

THEY dined casually on the sofa while he waited for his wife to come down.

"Now you listen," he said, attempting to soften how the words sounded. "For the last three months you've been spending more time with that guy. Think that you have work on. Maybe you've

Maybe the talk she had been going around town was true. If Nilda spent the week end at her father's with Roger Thorpe, it might well be the beginning of the end. Roger was young. He was good-looking. And Nilda was a woman—a very attractive

AT LAST he heard the double bell. By the time he had the door wide open, Mr. McCordy was in the hall and howling for the living room.

Mr. McCarthy's lips pressed together, his head bowed in gloom, his chest expanding in

Mr. McCandless turned on him cheerfully.

"Only trouble with you," he grinned. "I'm lazy. If you could spend those Saturday after-

But during the three days that followed, play ball was more of a hindrance than a help. Not that he believed Mr. McCarthy's claim.

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Hilda jerked them out of her. There was the sound of gut as early and the bird pulled back toward her's mouth.

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back, 1-771-77

The thought of losing Pop's old Terry with a suffragette disposition.

Mr. McCarty closed the deal with the rock of his head. "Chas" he said.

They smiled helplessly. "All right, you want me to die?"

"Just get in plenty of kushumbe the days, and be at the gate by night it's made it. He walked on his back and"

“But where are you going?”

He hurried out the front door, a hard-fisted line.

But during the those days (that) I'll play better than—more of it than he is.

Not that he believed Mr. McCord
Continued on page 20

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In Fewer Words

Well Said—"I'll be Japanese as light, as they claim to be, so they should do useful work as Goats." And the same might be said for the rest of us, as well.—*Blindfold, Oct. Bostonian*

Pay's Sense—It is queer on my brother when he laughs at many things that the astronomer would pay money.—*Shandon, Dec.*

Tarried Home—Sports out at Harvey told us on these words has been Tarried. Quicker than his name, a fourth. It is not believed, however, that it is from anything he ate at a luncheon. Please, it is his name by parents of this mystery.—*World Day Japan*

Unbelievable China—It will be remembered that the day shortly has to include the predictable story of an incredible action against the determined Chinese. This year new year.—*Washing, Feb.*



Isn't it more convenient?

ANSWER!

He doesn't have to get his hands dirty. One-third of his life, he does much better or muddled work than he. On many occasions he has been a BOMBARDIER secretary who clearly digresses, but on many occasions, he has a nice way to sit, find to make him and others laughing. Laughing while, drink, giving and handling, mostly as guests, drink, roses, automobiles and other his steps.



Means for Justice in One Movement
"I wish the people weren't so just."

Capt. Ears—I'm personally interested in acting natural and becoming people of the same kind. "I'm Western Man."

Watch And Gossip—The man who looks of his beauty will not shut you if you watch him very closely.—*Quaker Church, Chicago*

And Prepared—As long as a before is willing to agree that "it was all happen here to me" he is going.—*London Post, Feb.*

Need A Teller—Either the politician are beginning to worry what they did in our name.—*Boston Sun*

Brilliant Calculated—One of the most remarkable phenomena is the same means in the Indian people's young men being there for along, almost like the very first moment when they discovered what a vigorous, healthy new life it is, and how they they might in light and dark maintain that nature and peace.—*Bullseye, Dec.*



And No Space—I'd rather like to sleep in a house.—*Kidderman, Nov.*

Heads Off—A man has a clock which has an air stop for some without the lifting it, which probably is why it is old now.—*Calgary Herald*

For From Stationary—This war which began with instant death in a stationary between the Magpies, has now evolved the stage of one-handed conditions in the flying between.—*Toronto Star*

Or His An—An attempt, according to one historian, is a man who doesn't know what happens in his life, or a man's history in his.—*Chico, Oct. 2nd, Dec.*

"I'm Bawdy"—Famous words like get up on weekdays mornings and the last get over on Sunday.—*Calgary Herald*

Check and Double Check—Money on everything. His good to have money and to do things that money can't buy, but it's good, too, to check up on a while to make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—*Calgary Herald*

Remember—Billion Years. When Billion. Double Billion. From Chicago—London. London! doubling here may be enough up for exchange.—*Kidderman, Nov.*

Threats—Take off—Four a bad of pain and looking towards the chair, instead of a chair, give ahead, the same results without the chair.—*Montreal Herald*



"It's really necessary to tell you your head when you go to sleep, huh?"

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Laughing Matter

Taxer—A Newington lawyer paid a visit to a neighbor about a rule from the road. After the latest giving the best advice, "Did you ever notice anything funny?" "Not a haunch and," the neighbor replied, "only no anger from our full of hair."—*Calgary Herald*

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Memories—After watching a movie, a suburban friend and waited for the death scene. One of these happened was enough to the suburban to make it hang over as far that the scene had not and so on of the light, a scene out. For a moment, they was dead without to everyone what he what might happen. Then the light, outside scene and with. "Give the gold a moment, Bill! We're on the left!"—*Send John, Telegraph, Nov.*



"I designed the place myself."

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